THE VINDICATION.

A Story of a Reputed Plagiarist.

or seven years the name of Anson surkhold has been tarnished, as every one knows, with the stain of plaglarism. It is at last within my power to prove to the world the disgrace which I have heretofore been compelled to suffer in silence was undetailed statement of the case is intended. It may seem long and tedious to some, but seven years of unmerited public contempt have been long and tedious to me, and it is only as a matter of strict justice that I ask a hearing.

Eight years ago I was employed in the book review department of an Eastern newspaper. I had occasionally tried my hand at original work, and with a measure of success which fired me with an amtime at my command, I felt that I could of the career which I had in mind.

At last, however, the longed-for opportunity came; my employer, in the kindness of his heart, gave me a six months' vacation, with salary continued, as a reward for the high esteem into which the review work of his paper had grown under my

Filled with a joyful hope, I packed my trunk and betook myself to a quiet resort among the mountains of eastern Tennessee, intending, of course, to devote myself without remission to the great novel which struct. My father had been ordered to these mountains for his health (which, twelve, and I had spent three summers a very fair knowledge of the life of the was to be a rosy-cheeked mountain lass of strength and daring almost superhuman to save from the clutches of the revenue officers her disabled lover, whose ankle had been broken in a wild dash for escape from a secret distillery which these officials had

But the power of composition seemed to have deserted me; day after day, as I sat down at my desk with pen and paper before me, the fitting words in which I longed to clothe my thought refused to come. I left my hotel, went far up into the mounmountaineer who was thoroughly acquainted with the facts lying at the basis of my plot, to see whether I might not thus bring myself into the proper mood for satisfactory expression. But it did no good. No sooner was I at my desk again than I found myself utterly incapable of putting any portion of the tale into literary form.

My vacation was rapidly passing, and I was almost ready to give up in despair when one day as I sat by my window there came into my mind-dimly at first, but with increasing clearness-a plot of love and adventure on the southern sea. I had read much of life on the ocean, and the various natural features of the southern hemisphere were fairly familiar to me. There seemed to be no insuperable obstacle in e way of writing upon the subject which grasped my pen and began.

and Hands on the Southern Sea"-and an fitting title presented itself-"Hearts introductory paragraph followed without noticeable effort. By the time this was finshed all the thought of conscious striving for words, or ideas either, had vanished. I was rushing along in the glow of enthusiasm, swift as my hand could move the pen, and when the bell rang for tea I could scarely believe my own eyes as I straightened out the sheets carelessly tossed aside as written, and counted thirty well-filled

Upon returning to my desk the next day, after the first sound night's sleep which I had had since my inability to write had begun to weigh upon my mind, the experience of the preceding afternoon was repeated. All day long the flow of thought and language moved swiftly on in even current, and I paused only when the mascles of my arm called imperatively for rest. For ten hours I sat at my desk, but I slept well the following night, and morning again found me as bright and enthustastic as before. Well, to be short with it. this pleasing facility lasted for twentythree days, when the denouement of my

story was reached. My years of experience as a critic had given me sufficient insight into the popular taste to know that I had a story which would find a ready market, and the next train for the North found me on my way to New York to negotiate for its publication. Thanks to the acquaintance which my newspaper work had given me, the first pulisher approached met me in a favorable mood and promised that my manuscript should have an immediate reading. Three days later a note came to me stating that the story had made an exceedingly favorable impression and asking me to call at once, that arrangements for early publication might be completed.

The time had now arrived for resumption of my newspaper work, but a state- fall took hold upon my mind. When once ment of the situation to my employer led this idea did occur, however, it rapidly him to consent to my release, and I took gained in strength. I read such authentic up my abode in a modest boarding house, accounts as I could find of the successful and devoted myself to the reading of proof sheets and browsing in the book shops and public labraries. My old newspaper friends learned what I was about, and the coming of my romance was heralded in advance in a way which was extremely pleasing, and destined, I thought, to be profitable as well.

But however delightful this period expectancy was to me, it is of no interest to others, and I must hurry on. At last my book appeared. The first week's sales were far beyond my own hopes and those of my publishers, and highly favorable notices from the press were beginning to come in, Personal congratulations from old friends were reaching me over the wires and by mail, and it is doubtful whether any man in New York went to ed happier than I on the Sunday evening following the Monday on which my book had gone forth. Early in the morning a bundle of morn-

ng dailies was brought to my room, as had ordered, and I began glancing hurriedly over their literary columns for the one subject which found lodging in my mind. After examining the New York and Boston papers, I picked up one from Philadelphia, and was proceeding to open to its lifetary page when a headline in the news columns caught my eye. "Astounding Plagiarism," it read in bold black lines. "A popular new book proves mere translation of a forgotten French romance." Then followed my name as that of the plagiarist, with the title of my book and a dozen or more extended extracts, with a literal translation of the alleged French original in parallel columns.

I was almost stupefied, at first, with sheer amazement. Not only was I conseicus that I had never in my life read or heard any such story, from which I might have copied had I been dishonest enough to do so, but I was wholly unable to read the language in which the alleged original was said to have been written. Then it senger boy in all haste for my most intiintended as a hoax. Wishing to have the might have occurred. matter cleared up to my own satisfaction before meeting my publisher, who might

The ride on the cars allowed time for my amazement and confusion to give way | the period of rapid physical and mental to anger, and when we were ushered into growth as to lose all connection with the the office of the offending paper, shortly before noon, without waiting to take the I exclude the suggestion that you might from the hotel, at the cabin of that old offered seat, I demanded of the editor in yourself have read a translation at this a tofie trembling with ill-suppressed rage: | early period, for a friend in the city who is "Upon what evidence, sir, do you base the probably the best informed man living in charge of plagiarism made against 'Hearts | such matters assures me that no translaand Hands on the Southern Sea' in this | tion of the work was in existence. He is

from the evidence of this book," he reolled calmly, and took from his desk an etavo volume, musty with age. I took it nervously from his hand and passed it to my friend, as I have already nentioned my own inability to read The editor turned to consider me message from the composing room, and I took advantage of his inattention to glance at my friend's face. One look was enough; as the editor turned toward us again. I took the book and placed it on passed out into the street.
"It is your book, word for word, John."

been guilty enough to do such a thing, or stupid enough to suppose that it would

I can't read a word of French, even aside from the question of my honesty, and I you to doubt that." ommon sense, John" he replied testily. Every one knows that the country is full of miserable hacks who would translate such a book for a mere pittance and take | beginning? a bribe to keep still about it. You have let our ambition to write a novel run away I'm done with you forever! And with this outburst he turned abruptly

went to the depot and took the train back to New York. bearing the imprint of my publishers. I

the market and shall at once issue a circular to dealers asking the return of unsold are no doubt, aware that we might obtain legal redsess for the traud which you have practiced upon us, lut after due consideratation of our house, we have given to the Associated Press & full statement of the matter, which will doubtless appear in tomorrow's papers.

The utter nopelessness of any explanation which would convince the firm or the public that I was anything but an arrant impostor, together with my own inability to find any solution of the mytery which would seem tenable to my own mind, was too much for either my mental or my a semi-delirious fever which rapidly grew been subject to somnambulism?" worse, and kept me at the point of death. "If so, it has been entirely w as I was afterwards told by the nurse who had been secured to attend me for two full months. When I was at length able to get on my feet again I resolved to make | the information is not imparted to him by one last effort to clear my character in others. Now let us suppose, for a moment, the eyes of my publishers. After paying the bills incurred during my sickness 1 took a certified check for my balance at the bank—about \$400—and made my way to in the vicinity of your sleeping-room, on a was at his desk alone when I entered. He coldly nodded me to a chair, which I gladly took, as I was too weak to stand could easily be paralleled by well-attested any longer. After a moment's hesitation. without raising my eyes from the floor, I said what little there was for me to say -how absolutely certain I was that I had knowledge that any part of it had ever existed until it was created in my own brain, and yet how unable I was to conceive of any way in which to account for its evident identity with the old French romance. I closed by drawing the check from my pocket and offering it to him as the only reparation which it was in my power to make for the loss which the firm had suffered on my account. He refused it with an air of displeasure and contempt which convinced me at once that was of no use to renew the offer, or to hope for the slightest alteration in his opinion of my character, and I turned and left the room without another word.

With no definite purpose in view-too weak and dejected even to think of few books into my trunk, drew my money

from the bank, and took the train for a

I felt that I must get into some kind of hoard of money would soon be exhausted, but because the weight of misery which I carried on my mind was fast becoming unbearable in idleness. Gradually I drifted into reportorial work of a low order on the various dailies of the city, but I was afraid to seek a position of any considerable rehad so suddenly entered my mind, and I sponsibility or honor, for fear of an inquiry into my antecedents which would disclose my identity.

But this disclosure was not to be averted by my modesty. I had not been three months in the city when a tramp printer turned up who had known me in New York, and at once recognized me, in spite of the great changes which my suffering had produced. Within a week, though not a word was said in my hearing, the changed attitude of my newspaper acquainces told me only too plainly that all was known. A few days later a sensational sheet contained the following item: "It is said on good authority that Anson Burkhold, the notorious plagiarist, is doing reportorial work in this city under an assumed name." I could not endure to meet my acquaintances again, after that, and daylight Monday morning found me on my way to New Orleans.

It is not necessary to follow the next found it looming up across my path again and driving me from place to place until l became at last so hopeless of permanence that I no longer considered it worth while to engage lodgings for more than a week

in advance, or enter into any contract for continued literary work. It was not until several years of this wandering life had elapsed that the thought of a systematic and persistent attempt to unravel the mystery of my downsolution of apparently hopeless mysteries, and this gave me much encouragement. I happened to be in Montreal at the time. and had gained the friendship there of a man of means with no settled occupation. who had a natural taste for the mysterious and improbable and took a kind of pride in maintaining the possibility of alleged occurrences which "practical" men only laughed at as cases of evident fraud or illusion. I went to his house one evening.

told him my story to the minutest detail earnestly alleged my innocence of the apparent dishonesty and stated my purpose, even at this late day, to solve the problem if human ingenuity could accomplish it. Mr. Galton-I forgot to mention his name above-at once took an enthusiastic interest in the case, the more so as he was a patron of the Society for Psychical Research, and the matter seemed to promise valuable material for its consideration. had great confidence in his sagacity, and went back to my lodgings with a more hopeful heart than I had known for many a day, promising to call again the next evening in order to devise some plan of procedure. When I met him again according to appointment I found that he had "It is evident," said he, as soon as I was seated in his library, "that this French romance, in English form, had effected a lodging in your brain previous to the writ-

scarcely taken time to eat or sleep since we parted, so intense was his interest in arriving at a solution of the mystery. ing of your story, but in some such way as to leave you entirely unconscious of the fact. That such acquisitions may be made and retained, entirely below the reach of one's normal consciousness, is a psychological principle too well established to admit of any further question. Having never been within the realm of consciousness. they have, of course, no apparent relation to the memory, and if in any way they should be brought within the scope of consciousness, they must appear as original courred to me that the whole attack must your case, then, is not the sudden appearance of the romance in your consciousness. mate friend, an artist named Tomlin, laid but the first impression of the story upon the matter before him and asked his opin- your brain. Now, so far I have been able to think of but three ways in which this "In the first place, some one may have be expected to call for an explanation at | read, in your early childhood. In that case, any moment, I took my friend with me, of course, it would have been a conscious

rushed to the depot, and caught the first | mental possession at the time, but many of the conscious mental possessions of early childhood become so obliterated during memory, at least under normal conditions. certain of this, as a publishing house with which he is connected contemplated its

examination. 'Again, the clew may possibly lie among the phenomena of somnambulism. That you could have read this book yourself, while in a somnambulistic condition, is of course excluded by your ignorance of French, but the possibility remains-very slight. course, but we must reject no possibility whatever in this quest-that in such a conhis desk, expressed my thanks mechan- you could overhear the book read by some ically for the information received, and we one who, for whatever reason, was putting it into English as he went along. my friend said as we reached the pavement, range of possibility that you wrote the ly one week; but when I looked at the en-

gestion. In that case, of course, the question of motive rises into prominence, since the hypnotic influence must have been too "Why, Tomlin!" I answered, "you surely long continued to have arisen from any don't mean that you believe this! You know whim of the moment, and the harm likely to result to you would have been so evident to the hypnotist that nothing short of | But one thing is certain; we must hunt up don't know what reason I have ever given intense hatred could have prompted him that mountaineer and see whether he can in his work. These three lines of explana-"You must take it for granted that I have | tion have suggested themselves to my mind, and it remains for us to weigh their of them which you can eliminate in the

"The first," I answered, "may safely be an only child and my mother died in my across the street and left me. I knew him infancy. My father, a physician, almost too well to fellow, and with a heavy heart immediately took a position as a medical missionary, and for ten years he and two others, also in missionary service, were As I entered my boarding house an omi-nous-looking envelope was handed to me. He taught me to read, and as I had little else to do while he and the others were ook it to my room, opened it, and read the busy with their work, there was not a book about the mission, aside from a few "You have seen, of course, the exposure | medical treatises, which I could not underof the plagiarism of which you have been stand, that I did not know from cover guilty. We have withdrawn the book from to cover by the end of my eighth year. the market and shall at once issue a cir- Not only that, but my father was the only one of the three who could have read a crpies and authorizing them to refund the French book had it been there, and the price of the book to all individual purchas- character of the romance in question is ets who may so desire, at our expense. You such that, under no circumstances, would he have read it in my hearing when I was so young. Indeed, it was his antipathy to French literature in general that caused the French language to be tion we have decided to leave you for pun-ishment to the lashes of public scorn and your own conscience. To protect the repu-his own lips. After my return to America I left out of my education, as I know from adopted it as a rigid rule to make and preserve notes on every work of fiction which I should read or hear read. The rule was never broken until after my trouble occurred. These notes are all in my possession to-day and there is no trace of

any such book among them." "Well, I must admit that you have left absolutely no loophele in that direction," he said slowly, after a moment of deep thoughtfulness. "We may as well pass to physical nature to endure. I sought my the next theory at once. Are you aware bed in despair, and morning found me in that at any period of your life you have "If so, it has been entirely without my knowledge," I replied

"And yet it might be so. One may easily fall to detect somnambulism for himself, if heir office. The senior member of the firm | piazza, for instance, where the sound might lead you to go to your window and listen, although unconscious? Such an occurrence cases, and the reproduction, under pathological conditions, of what you had heard offers no insuperable objection." "I can think of no such time except during the few weeks in Tennessee before the curred. It is a fact, now that I come to think of it, that my room in the hotel overlooked a small porch, one story below and a little to one side, upon which some of the

> evening, by the light from the window of their own room.' 'This looks exceedingly promising.' exclaimed eagerly. "Educated ladies along he gulf are very apt to know more or less rench, and there is nothing unlikely in the supposition that one of such a family should have read the language sufficiently to translate it into English at sight, while the others should not be able to follow by ear without translation. I am disposed to think that we have the clew. Do you see any serious difficulty?"
> "Only one," said I. "It is certainly im-

guests, a mother and two daughters from

Mobile, I believe, often read aloud in the

possible that I should have heard every word of the book in this way, and I am under the impression, from the tenor of the article in which the matter was exposed. that the identity holds good throughout. If so, I see no hope in this direction.' "That is true," he said, musingly, "that s true. If you have a copy of your story send it around to me at once. I can get the French book from a friend whom I told you I consulted about the existence of a translation, and I shall compare them thoroughly, page by page. Come back to-

morrow evening, and we shall see how

the case stands then.

I felt a little less hopeful as I tock my leave than on the evening before; but I sent him the ill-starred volume, as soon as got to my room, and succeeded throwing the matter off my mind sufficiently for a sound night's sleep. I was not encouraged by the look on Mr. Galton's face when I entered his house the next evening, and he told me at once that the supposed clew must be given up; the identity between the two books held from cover to cover, with the necesexception of the publisher's imprint and the copyright notice. It remained now to consider the question of hypnotism, and he had asked a distinguished French physician, who had given special study to this subject, to be present and discuss the mat-

It is not necessary to follow this discussion in detail. Suffice it to say that, after patient hearing of all the facts, and an exhaustive consideration of their bearing. he expressed a most decided opinion that a hypnotic explanation was scientifically untenable; while the influence which one mind had been known to exercise over another by hypnotic processes was truly wonderful, and caution was ordinarily even more necessary in setting limits to it than in accepting its alleged results, yet in this case it would be necessary to assume a control too long continued and too minute in its operations to come within the range of belief, especially since it must have been exercised at a considerable distance, and by some one who had nothing in his bearing to exert any pe-culiar effect upon me of which I had been conscious, for I could remember no one at the hotel who had produced any such effect. We were evidently baulked again, and to both of us, at first, it seemed final, "Well, is there anything left?" I asked dejectedly, after the Frenchman had taken

his leave. "I am at a loss for an answer." Mr. Galton replied. "I had put so much faith in the success of some one of the three theories which have failed us that I have given no serious thought to anything else.' "If I thought there was any chance, I should go back to the old hotel in the mountains and search for a clew there."
I said, "But I have heard that my old landlord is dead and the house is in the hands of another. It is very doubtful whether I should find a single person there whom I knew before. "And yet the old registers are likely to have been preserved," he joined, "and a list

of the names of those who were lodging there at the same time might possibly help us along." "Shall I write to the present owner and have a list transcribed?" I asked. "There is too much chance for inacbracy. If we are to prosecute this matter with any hope of success, we must leave no opportunity for a slip at any point. Why not go down there at once? There is nothing to keep me here, and the trip will do both of us good, even if nothing else comes of it." "I don't want to drag you over the country on my account." I answered, "but if you really feel that you had rather go than | truth known to him."

not. I shall certainly be very thankful for He did feel so, and after the few days necessary for preparation, we set out on

As I had expected, we found no one at the hotel whom I had known there before, but the register had been preserved, and we easily secured permission to take it to our room for a thorough search, and to copy such portions as we might desire. I ran over the list, hastily checking the Galton looking over my shoulder.

"Well," I said, as I reached the end, "! see nothing suggestive, do you?" "Only the name of 'M. Gaston Leroux, from New Orleans. It runs in my mind that I have heard of this man, through a friend in that city, as a teacher of French literature in a private school. If so, his acquaintance with the romance in question would be highly probable. But you have not checked his name; can you re-

call nothing of him?" "I cannot bring up the slightest recollection of him." I answered, after pacing the room in earnest effort for a few moments, while Mr. Galton sat down and scanned again the pages of the register.

"See here," said he, starting up suddenly, "didn't you say that you were absent mountaineer, just a week:" "Yes," I answered, "the register will show it. I left on the day when the Gov-

ernor of the State and his staff, and

party of ladies took dinner here, and I regtranslation in 1888 and made an exhaustive istered again as soon as I returned. You will find it just a week, by comparing entries. "I find it exactly two weeks," said he, with some excitement; "and furthermore, your memory as to the day on which you left is confirmed by an entry made by the landlord himself on the page where you

"I cannot imagine how you could ever have story under the influence of hypnotic sug- tries for myself. I found it just as he said. "Well, what do you make cut of it?" asked in a bewildered way. "I don't know; one might be tempted to think the place under the spell of some infernal influence, capable of altering the

fundamental laws of pature and reason.

throw any light on that lost week." We ordered an early breakfast, and by sunrise the next morning were fairly on comparative probability. Is there any one our way. Riding over the mountain trails was slow work, but it was not yet 10 o'clock when we came in sight of an immense crag which I remembered at once discarded. I am so thoroughly informed as only a half-mile from the cabin we were with your character and sense, too, and as to the facts of my early childhood that speking. Soon the cabin itself was in sight, I feel certain of its impossibility. I was but our hopes were dashed by the discovery that it had been long deserted. A infancy. My father, a physician, almost mound near by jwith a rudely lettered immediately took a position as a medical sandstone slab at its head, ended all hope of assistance from the old mountaineer. "Well, as we are here," Mr. Galton said, and thwarted in our main purpose, I suggest that we ride on to the top of yonder peak and enjoy the view. We can reach it in an hour, and that will give us plenty of in an hour, and that will give us plenty of time to rest our horses and still get back to the hotel before the moon goes down." hallucination had left me while off by myself, and I had naturally returned to the hotel. When I set myself to writing So we sprang into our saddles and started | again, under the abnormal nervous condion. I can remember distinctly reaching the peak, and I can remember returning again to the hotel. Were I dependent upon memory alone, I should not hesitate to add that I remember clearly that our stay upon the peak was only long enough to give our horses a reasonable amount of rest before the home journey. But such was not the case. What actually did happen I shall transcribe literally from the report which

> "We were riding along in silence, almost at the summit of the peak. Emerging from a clump of evergreens, we came in plain view of a deserted log house about fifty yards in advance, when Mr. Burkhold cried, 'Here we are again, Fairfield! How soon do you suppose Roget and Brown will get the

"With these words he had sprung from the saddle and begun to tie his horse to a A moment's reflection convinced me that he was laboring under some mental disorder, furthermore that this might have some connection with the problem in hand, I instantly resolved to make no effort to break up his hallucination, but to adapt myself to it as thoroughly as possible and await the result. I sprang to the ground and tied my horse without saying anything, and as I turned toward him he asked again how soon I thought we might look fer Roget and Brown. Who Roget and Brown were was of course a mystery to me, but I suggested at a venture that they might not get back until the next day, and he seemed satisfied. "We had brought some lunch from the

hotel, and I proposed that we sit down on the grass and eat it. He readily assented, and after we had finished, said tended to have a nap under the shade of tree near by. He was soon asleep, and l took advantage of the fact to walk around and reconnoiter, keeping him constantly in sight, however. From a little knoll, a hundred yards distant. I could see a house about a quarter of a mile away, and the smoke from the chimney assured me that it was inhabited. This was an important discovery. It offered a solution of the food problem, which was weighing upon my mind, for I did not wish to leave the place until he himself should propose it, and we must have something to eat. I looked into of suns undreamed-they lie in space so deepthe old cabin before mentioned and found several good strong frames which had evi dently been fitted up for beds of pine branches. If he had been here before, under a similar state of hallucination, as al indications suggested, this was probabl where he had slept. With the large knife which I carried, I immediately cut branches from some pine trees near by and filled up the frames, that he might not be surprised at finding them empty. Then I sat down near him and waited for him to waken.

"After an hour's sleep, he opened his eves and immediately asked again for Roget and Brown, calling me Fairchild as be-When told that I had seen nothing of them, and thought it useless to look for them before the next day, he wondered what we should do for something to eat without Brown. This gave me a chance, and I told him I had seen a house in the distance where we might find something. He consented readily to the plan, expressing surprise that he had not seen the house

"He then began to talk about his plans for a novel dealing with life among the Tennessee mountaineers, assuming in all he said that we had been discussing the various features of his plot during the days immediately preceding. Of course I was prepared to keep up my part of the conversation, as he had outlined the plot to me when telling of the unavailing efforts made to put it into literary form. I was now practically certain that the missing week had been spent upon this mountain under a mental hallucination brought on by his intense efforts to work out his story: and it seemed highly probable that he had fallen in with a party of three, Roget. Brown and Fairchild by name, who had taken him into their company without detecting anything wrong in his mental condition; but I could as yet see no light on the French romance.

Towards evening we went to the house above mentioned, found it occupied by a respectable-looking mountaineer, with his wife and younger brother, and had no trouble in bargaining for supper and breakfast and any further meals we might want while in the vicinity. I hoped to get some valuable information from the family, but found, when I had an opportunity to question one of them aside, that they had been in the vicinity only two years, and knew nothing that had happened there before their arrival.

"A detailed account of the next three days would add nothing of value to this report. It is enough to say that Mr. Burkhold's main theme of conversation was the plot of his novel, and that I succeeded for that length of time in quieting his anxiety about the absence of 'Roget and Brown. In the meantime I had found the inscription 'F. F., Charleston, S. C.,' carved in one of the logs of the cabinet, the only possible clew I had been able to discover as to the identity of any of the party with whom I felt sure that he had been there before. "On the fourth morning he awoke

mediately in search of the missing men. and I at once complied. Fortunately, he had no definite plans as to direction, and had no difficulty in turning our course towards the hotel. For the first hour he was quite talkative, and the hallucination was evidently as strong as ever; but after that, as the day was hot and the riding tiresome, he gradually became quiet and did the same, in the hope that, if left entirely to himself, the return to the familiar environment of the hotel might bring his mental faculties back to their normal con-

"And so it proved. As we came in sight of the hotel he called me by my right name and expressed his sorrow that our day's ride had been in vain. I merely muttered a word or two of assent, wishing him to have a night's rest before making the

IV. So much from the report of Mr. Galton, with due acknowledgement of his kindness in allowing me to make this portion public before his completion of the full report and its presentation to the society. I now take up the story again for myself, and shall bring it to a speedy conclusion.

Of course I was utterly amazed when he told me what had happened, and had not the mystery of my supposed plagiarism prepared me to believe anything, I should have impeached his word on the spot. As it was, however, my surprise yielded at once to conviction that we were at last at the root of the whole problem, and we decided to follow immediately the clue given by the inscription mentioned in the report. If it meant anything for us, the "F. F." must be the initials of a Mr. Fairfield liv-

ing then, if not now, in Charleston, To Charleston we went, arriving so late at night that we did not expect to make any discoveries before morning. The city directory, however, helped us at once to the name of "Francis Fairfield, attorney at law," though we found no trace of any Roget, and among the many Browns, with nothing but the family name to guide us,

it was impossible to choose. In the morning we found Mr. Fairfield and learned that he had been upon the mountain in question at the proper time, with a Dr. Roget, now dead, and a Mr. Brown whom they had employed as a servant; that a man of perhaps thirty years, giving a name which he could not now recall and ostensibly working up material for a novel, had joined their party, and at the solicitation of Roget, who seemed much less than half the proportion that prevails interested in his work, had remained a week, after which he had suddenly disappeared; that Roget and the stranger read together much of the time from books in the former's possession, while he and Brown engaged in hunting.

"Did Rogert read French?" we both asked tened, so clearly did it stand forth in my in one breath. "On, yes, he was born in Paris," "Do you know whether he had with him

on this occasion an old romance entitled 'Les Coeurs et les Mains sur la Mer Meridionale?' "I cannot say as to that. I took little interest in his-But hold on! his library is still intact, in the hands of his wife's sister. You nlight find out something about it by inquiring there. Is it some rare work that you are anxious to get hold of?" Mr. Galton stated the case to him as briefly and rapidly as possible, and he went with us at once to the sister of the deceased Roget. The book was found, and, furthermore, there were entries on the fly leaves proving beyond question that the

Doctor had had it with him in the mountains, among others, a rude sketch of the old log cabin, and a dated description of a flower which grew in profusion on the mountain summit. The chain of evidence was complete. During a period of mental hallucination. brought on by the intense nervous strain to which I had subjected myself. I had wandered into the company of these men, and while I was with them Roget had read the fateful story in my hearing. The tion into which I had brought myself, the impressions made upon my brain by the reading of the French romance had come

within the realm of consciousness, but not the circumstances under which those in story seemed the creation of my own brain, and as such I wrote it down in good faith and secured its publication, with the results already described. Such is the history of the peculiar mis-Mr. Galton has prepared for presentation at an early date to the Society for Psychical fortune which, without the slightest lapse from rectitude on my part, made my name a reproach among honorable men. filled me with unspeakable misery, and blighted beyond hope of recovery, all the noble ambitions of my early manhood. I both physically and mentally strain has left me no ade-

basis upon which to build All I ask is that this explanation, fortified by the report which Mr. tree. This action saved me the necessity of Galton will soon file for entry upon the an immediate reply and gave me time to records of his society, may be received in recover from the startled surprise into which his strange words had thrown me. of Anson Burkhold may be relieved, in the eyes of the public, from the undeserved stigma which it has borne. -John Hanson Williams, in New York

Evening Post.

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

Progress. See that foul thing. It sat upon a throne In 'ts day. "Some curious plaques, upon each

A human head, fetch me," it said. 'Twas done. Well spiced it, wrapped it well, laid it away, Ready for use on resurrect

We better that. We find it rich in food For plants. Well ground-we grant the process And well applied, it does our crops much good.

Rounds not the field it shall untrammeled roam Arcturus, and Orion, and the sweep So it be spirit. But, man, know this true:

Indianapolis. When Miss Lucy Pass Erlong. De bird treak out in song; De sun, he say: "I bleege ter shine,"

When Miss Lucy pass erlong. Oh, de bird break out in song When Miss Lucy pass erlong, En de red rose say Dat he'll lean her way. When Miss Lucy pass erlong,

De river stop whar her footstep pass, Do' de tide run swift en strong, En he sav, "I'm heah fer yo' lookin'-glass," When Miss Lucy pass erlong.

Oh de bird break out in song When Miss Lucy pass eriong, En de river say, 'Hit's a holiday, When Miss Lucy pass erlong.

De vi'let say: "I'm kin ter you, En you mustn't treat me wrong; En de green trees, dey bows "Howdy-do" When Miss Lucy pass erlong. Oh, de whole worl' sing a song When Miss Lucy pass erlong,

Hit sing en sing Ter de weddin'-ring When Miss Lucy pass erlong. -Frank L. Stanton. But Only Thee.

In thy clear eyes I see What maketh dimpled cheeks and sunny hair As naught to me. For in their clear brown depths unwittingly Lie mirrored holy truth, Frank maiden courage, delicate modesty,

Lady, although thou art not wondrous fair,

And tender ruth, A heart to love and love, a perfect mind, And yet a spirit free, Healthy and sportive as a mountain wind On a bright lea.

So love I, lady, not thy tender lips-Although full dear they be-Nor any charm that feels time's swift eclipse But only thee. -F. Whitmore, in August Harper.

The Woman Heart. She said, her high soul in her lifted gaze, Be happy, dear! May all sweet blessings crown Your life, apart from mine. Oh, may she prove, Whom you have chosen, worthy your heart's Faithful and tender, as I would have been.

The brief, sweet hour of joy we two have known, Be happy! That is all my spirit prays. But when (the changing years had rolled be tween) They met once more, and she beheld his face, Care-lined and sad, as from heart-wearing pa And saw, within his eyes, deep, mute regret, Love, and wild longing for love's dear lost grace 'Has he, too, suffered through the lonely days? Smiling, the tears between, she bowed her head, ("Forgive me, God!) Oh, I am glad!" she said.

Whether you may remember or forget

-Madeline S. Bridges. A Summer Day by the Sea. Yon little cloud of ashen gray and gold, Slowly upon the amber air unroiled, The falling mantle of the prophet seems. from the dim headlands many a lighthous

The street lamp of the ocean, and behold! O'erhead the banners of the night unfold; The day hath passed into the land of dreams. summer day beside the joyous sea! O summer day so wonderful and white, So full of gladness and so full of pain! Forever and forever thou shalt be To some the gravestone of a dead delight To some the landmark of a new domain.

-Longfellow. Dewdrops. Last night some naughty cherubs tried A lovely, glowing star to ride;

was splendid fun, they thought, till, lo! The star shot earthward; down below 'T was very dark, and though they said, These cherubs small, they weren ! afraid, I know that ere the night was past They cried and cried, until at last The day let down a golden strand, And up they climbed, hand over hand, Back into heaven. How can I tell? Why, little folks, those teardrops fell Upon the flowers, and grasses, too; I saw them there, and so can you. -Mabelle P. Clapp, in Boston Transcript.

A Prayer. mighty Potter, to whose steadfast eyes A thousand years lie open as one day, Thy patient hand set firm on life's great wheel This heavy, shapeless clay.

Rough and imperfect, yet it owns Thy touch; Spare not, nor stay, the pressure of Thine Make known Thy power, and, soon or late, let Perfect what love hath planned! -L. H. Hammond, in the Outlook.

Be still: the crown of life is silentness. Give thou a quiet hour to each long day. Too much of time we spend in profitless And foolish talk-too little do we say. If thou wouldst gather words that shall avail Learning a wisdom worthy to express, Leave for awhile thy chat and empty tale-

Study the golden speech of silentness.

-Arthur L. Salmon. OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Rats are fond of sunflower seeds. A trap baited with these seeds seldom fails to catch the rodents. The deaths from alcoholism in Sweden amount to 90 per 1,000. This is the highest rate in the world. The prison population of India, large as it is, is only 38 per 100,000 inhabitants, or

in Great Britain. To remove the finger marks from varnished furniture rub them with cloth dampened with sweet oil. To remove them from oiled furniture use kerosene oil. The fastest ship in the world is the French torpedo catcher Forban, which, it is said, can steam at the tremendous rate of about thirty-six miles an hour

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guages, and he asks, "Is that not a greater miracle than the miracle of Pentecost?" The Paris cabman turns to the right and the London "cabby" to the left. The former sits always on the box in front of his vehicle; the latter is often perched behind it. The Department of Agriculture estimates that the cost of growing an acre of wheat in Alabama is 90 cents, and from this amount the figure diminishes in other

States to 24 cents in Iowa. In Harbor Springs, Mich., there is large and flourishing.wood toothpick industry. White birch is exclusively used in the manufacture of the toothpicks, and about 7.500,000 are turned out daily.

Mohammedan depositors in the postoffice savings banks are enriching the British government, as their religion forbids them to receive interest. They insist on taking out no more than they have put in. Few nations have raised shaving to the dignity of a religious ceremony. In the Koran there is no mention of shaving at all, yet the Mohammedans shave their heads in the same manner as the Hindoos No street-cars run on Sunday in Glasgow, Scotland, and now the Sabbath Alliance of Scotland is trying to prevent Sunday bathing in that city, on the ground that bathing on the Sabbath is a desecration of the

Hundreds of people visit the Hermitage, Andrew Jackson's old Tennessee home every month, and the income derived from the admission fee of 10 cents is a very neat source of revenue to the association that keeps the house in repair.

Mr. J. C. Rudisill, of Iron Station, N. C. says he found in one of his wheat fields not long since a bunch of wheat containing twenty-three heads, all growing from one grain. These twenty-three heads contained 1,033 grains of wheat by actual count. Within the limits of the town of Dudley, Mass., there is living a young woman a curious illustration of what nature can do She is but thirty-seven inches tall-the stature of a well-developed five-year-old

Some idea of the magnitude of the coal resources of Huerfano county, Colorado, may be formed when it is stated that there are about 40,000 acres, and each acre contains 100,000 tons, or a total of 4,000,000,000 tons-an amount almost beyond compre-

youngster-and weighs only forty-five

The Hindoos burn their dead, and the person who sets fire to the pile has himself shaved in every portion of the head and face, except only his cue; but if the person deceased, whether male or female, be younger than he, then he does not shave

his whiskers. Bicycles are creating a good deal of new law in Great Britain. In England they have been declared to be vehicles; in Scotland, in a case to recover insurance for death due to a bicycle accident, they have been declared to be not vehicles, the judge

declaring that they could be no more considered such than skates. When moths have once taken possession of flannel, its valuable property is destroyed. Any strong scent in the drawer

in which they are kept-or oitter apples from the chemist's, cut in slices, sewn up in muslin bags, and placed among the articles, whether woolen or furs, will preserve them from the attacks of the moth. A pest has appeared as a merace to cherry trees in Michigan. It is a small red

bug, and at the present may be seen in large quantities devouring the foliage of the trees. The eggs are deposited in and around the base of the tree, underneath the rough bark. The insect seems also to have a liking for currant and gooseberry shrubs. The great earthquake at Lisbon occurred in May, 1755, when in about eight minutes most of the houses and 50,000 of the inhabitants were destroyed, and whole streets swallowed up. It originated in the island of Meteline, in the archipelago, whence it extended 5.000 miles, doing considerable damage in Spain and Africa, as well as in

Out in Polk county, Nebraska, and some of the adjoining counties, they have a queer lot of wells. They are called "tide wells," because of a peculiar habit their waters have of ebbing and flowing, just as if they were connected with a great underground ocean. Polk county alone has between twelve and twenty of these queer roaring wells.

The Mamelukes were a military body composed of the descendants of Circassian slaves. In 1254 they made one of their body Sultan of Egypt, which country they governed for 260 years. Their dynasty was everthrown in 1517 by the Ottoman Sultan, Selim I, who appointed a Turkish Pasha over Egypt, though the Mamelukes still remain Beys, or governors of the provinces. In France there are no two opinions on the subject-the best soldiers come from Paris; and when we remember that, after the practical destruction of the regular French army at Metz and Sedan, the victorious vetrans of Germany were held at bay for five months by the raw levies, mostly drawn from the French towns. there seems but little doubt that the

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Her Great Hit. "So Pauline sold her new song?" 'Yes, indeed; the editor was tickled to leath with the way in which she made 'on

Charity Betting.

Cholly-Do you think it is very wicked in me to bet on the races? Ethel-No:-not if you patronize some poor bookmaker who really needs the

Drawing the Credit Line. New York Weekly.

dit' rhyme with 'nit.'

Mr. Goodheart, but as this is to be your wedding suit I must demand cash on de-Mr. Goodheart-Eh? Why. I've had an account with you for years, and I've always paid promptly to the hour, the very hour, Yes, Mr. Goodheart, but you were a

Merchant Tailor-I am sorry to say it.

bachelor and had the handling of your own



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OPTICIANS.



are the fish-bite good? Or don't they seem very hungry 'Hungry! Great Scott! I should say so. Why, we don't use hooks at all out here." "You don't? What do you use?"

No Danger.

Snark-The anarchistic tendency of the modern novel is deplorable. Boojum-Well, if the Anarchists haven't any better plot than the novels there's no need to worry.

An Error Up Above.

"Mamma," said the little comet to the big

comet, "here's a balloor "No, my child," replied the big comet as it whizzed aloft: "that isn't a balloon; it's the price of ice.

Slow Time Assured. New York Weekly. Mrs. Jinks-Yes, I've sent Sims, the colored man, for the doctor. Mrs. Blinks-Sent Sims? Mercy me! He won't get there for two hours. He used to

Purely a Business Matter. Puck. Eastern Man-What's your polities? Western Man (forcibly)-Free silver. First, last and always.

Eastern Man-Yes, I know; but I spoke

of your politics, not your religion. What He Missed.

Drummer-Could I show you a few goods Rosenbaum-Py heavens! you missed a big order py nod gedding here a liddle sooner. I shust dis minute failed.

A Pointer to Builders.

"Now, Sire," said the royal architect, 'how do you want this pyramid built?" "By days' work," answered the King of Egypt, promptly; "I'm tired of contract And the said pyramid is there yet.

Mrs. Gabble-What an awfully worried anxious, despairing look Mrs. Goodsoul Mrs. Dabble-Yes. I guess she's stopped doing her own work and gone to keeping a

In the Light of Experience.

night off, sadly)-I wonder what my wife will say when I get home? The Other-When you've been married as long as I have, old man, you'll know be-

Fortunate.

A Factor in the Calculation.

Politician (arranging for music at politi-cal meeting)—Isn't that a big price? You may not have to play haif a dozen times during the whole evening. Brass Band Leader—But, my dear sir, we

' Poor Woman. New York Weekly.

be a hotel waiter.

The Newly Married Man (on his first

Restful Raggles-Yer don't know wot it is ter lose a good husband, do yer, ma'am? Mrs. Farmer-No, sir. Restful Raggles-I'm glad uv dat. I'm sick uv havin' his ole clo'es offered to me w'en I ask fer grub.

"You say there are plenty of lakes in sight of the house." said the man who was A Belfast minister points out that the sight of the house." said the man who was Brass Band Leader-But, my dear sir, Bible has been translated into 381 land hunting a country boarding place. "How have to sit there and listen to the speech